

The trouble some

raigne and lamentable death of
Edward the second, King of
England: with the tragicall
fall of proud Mortimer:

As it was sundrie times publicuely acted
in the honourable citie of London, by the
right honourable the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.

Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.



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The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the second, king of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer.

Enter Gauestone reading on a letter that was brought him from the king.

MY father is deceast, come Gaueston,
And share the kingdom with thy deereſt friend
Ah words that make me ſurſet with delight:
What greater bliſſe can hap to Gaueſton,
Then liue and be the fauorit of a king?
Sweete prince I come, theſe theſe thy amorous lines,
Might haue enforſt me to haue ſwum from France,
And like *Leander* gaspt vpon the ſande,
So thou wouldſt ſmile and take me in thy armes.
The ſight of London to my exiled eyes,
Is as Elizium to a new come ſoule,
Not that I loue the citie or the men,
But that it harbors him I hold ſo deare,
The king, vpon whoſe boſome let me die,
And with the world be ſtill at enmitie:
What neede the artick people loue ſtar-light,
To whom the ſunne ſhines both by day and night.
Farewell baſe ſtooping to the lordly peeres,

The Tragedie

My knee shall bowe to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but sparkes,
Rakt vp in embers of their pouertie,
Tanti: Ile fanne first on the winde,
That glaunceth at my lips and flieth away;
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poore men.

Poore men. Such as desire your worships seruice.

Gaueſt. What canſt thou doe?

1. poore. I can ride.

Gaueſt. But I haue no horſes. What art thou?

2. poore. A trauceller.

Gaueſt. Let me ſee, thou wouldſt do well
To waite at my trencher, & tell me lies at dinner time,
And as I like your diſcourſing, ile haue you.
And what art thou?

3. poore. A ſouldier, that hath ſeru'd againſt the Scot.

Gaueſt. Why there are hoſpitals for ſuch as you,
I haue no warre, and therefore ſir be gone.

Seld. Farewell, and periſh by a ſouldiers hand,
That wouldſt reward them with an hoſpittall.

Gau. I, I, theſe wordes of his moue me as much,
As if a Goole ſhould play the Porpentine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breaſt,
But yet it is no paine to ſpeake men faire,
Ile flutter theſe, and make them liue in hope:
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the king,
If I ſpeed well, ile entertaine you all,

Omnes. We thanke your worſhip,

Gaueſt. I haue ſome buſines, leaue me to my ſelfe,

Omnes. We will wait heere about the court. *Exeunt.*

Gaueſt.

of Edward the second.

Guest. Do : these are not men for me,
I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musitians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please :
Musicke and poetrie is his delight,
Therefore ile haue Italian masks by night,
Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing shoves,
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
Like *Siluan* Nymphes my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes,
Shall with their Goate feete daunce an antick hay,
Sometime a louclie boye in *Dians* shape,
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like *Altaon* peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angrie goddesse be transformde,
And running in the likenes of an Hart,
By yelping hounds puld downe, and seeme to die,
Such things as these best please his maiestie.
My lord, heere comes the king and the nobles
From the parlement, ile stand aside.

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer
innior, Edmund Earle of Kent, Guis Earle of War-
wicke, &c.*

Edward. Lancaster.

Lancast. My Lorde.

Guest. That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre.

The Tragedie

Edw. Will you not graunt me this? in spite of them
Ile haue my will, and these two *Mortimers*,
That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

Mor. se. If you loue vs my lord, hate *Gaueston*.

Gauest. That villaine *Mortimer* ile be his death.

Mor. iiii. Mine vnckle heere, this Earle, & I my selfe,
Were sworne to your father at his death,
That he should nere retorne into the realme:
And know my lord, ere I will breake my oath,
This sword of mine that should offend your foes,
Shall sleepe within the scabberd at thy neede,
And vnderneath thy banners march who will,
For *Mortimer* will hang his armor vp.

Gauest. *Mort. diu.*

Edw. Well *Mortimer*, ile make thee rue these words,
Beseemes it thee to contradict thy king?
Frownst thou thereat aspiring Lancaster,
The sworde shall plane the furrowes of thy browes,
And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe,
I will haue *Gaueston*, and you shall know,
What danger tis to stand against your king.

Gauest. Well doone, *Ned.*

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peeres,
That naturally would loue and honour you:
But for that base and obscure *Gaueston*,
Foure Earldomes haue I besides Lancaster,
Darbie, Salsburie, Lincolne, Leicester,
These will I sell to giue my souldiers paye,
Ere *Gaueston* shall stay within the realme,
Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.

Edm. Barons & Earls, your pride hath made me mute,
But now ile speake, and to the prooffe I hope:

of Edward the second.

I do remember in my fathers dayes,
Lord *Percie* of the North being highly mou'd,
Braue'd *Mowberie* in presence of the king,
For which, had not his highnes lou'd him well,
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,
The vndaunted spirit of *Percie* was appeald,
And *Mowberie* and he were reconcild:
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face,
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.

Warwicke. O our heads,

Edw. I yours, and therefore I would wish you graunt.

Warw. Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*,

Mor.in. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,
Cofin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs,
Come vnckle, let vs leaue the brainfick king,
And henceforth parle with our naked swords.

Mor.se. Wilshire hath men enough to saue our heads.

Warw. All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.

Lanc. And Northward *Gaueston* hath many friends,
Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,
Or looke to see the throne where you should sit,
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion throwne.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. I cannot brooke these hautie menaces:
Am I a king and must be ouer rulde?
Brother displaie my ensignes in the field,
He bandie with the Barons and the Earles,
And eyther die, or liue with *Gaueston*.

Gau. I can no longer keepe me from my lord,

Edw.

The Tragedie

Edw. What *Ganeſton*, welcome : kis not my hand,
Embrace me *Ganeſton* as I do thee :
Why ſhouldſt thou kneele,
Knoweſt thou not who I am ?
Thy friend, thy ſelfe, another *Ganeſton*,
Not *Hilas* was more mourned of *Hercules*,
Then thou haſt beene of me ſince thy exile.

Gan. And ſince I went from hence, no ſoule in hell.
Hath felt more torment then poore *Ganeſton*.

Edw. I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conſpire,
And that high minded earle of Lancaſter,
I haue my wiſh, in that I ioy thy ſight,
And ſooner ſhall the ſea orẽwhelme my land,
Then beare the ſhip that ſhall transport thee hence :
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,
Cheefe Secretarie to the ſtate and me,
Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.

Ganeſt. My lord, theſe titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the leaſt of theſe may well ſuffice
For one of greater birth then *Ganeſton*.

Edw. Ceafe brother, for I cannot brooke theſe words,
Thy woorth ſweet friend is far about my guiſts,
Therefore to equall it receiue my hart,
If for theſe dignities thou be enuied,
Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,
Is *Edward* pleaꝝd with kinglie regiment.
Fearſt thou thy perſon ? thou ſhalt haue a guard :
Wants thou gold ? go to my treaſurie,
Wouldſt thou be loude and ſearde ? receiue my ſcale,
Saue or condemne, and in our name commaund,
What ſo thy minde affectes or fancie likes.

Ganeſt.

of Edward the second.

Gane. It shall suffice me to enioy your loue,
Which whiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great,
As *Cesar* riding in the Romaine streete,
Wich captiue kings at his triumphant Carre.

Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.

Edw. Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast?

Bish. To celebrate your fathers exequies,
But is that wicked *Ganeſton* returnd?

Edw. I priest, and liues to be reuengd on thee,
That wert the onely cause of his exile.

Gane. Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

Bish. I did no more then I was bound to do,
And *Ganeſton* vnlesse thou be reclaimd,
As then I did incense the parlement,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gane. Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

Edw. I throwe of his golden miter, rend his stole,
And in the channell christen him a new.

Kent. Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For heele complaine vnto the sea of Rome.

Gane. Let him complaine vnto the sea of hell,
He be reuengd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, spare his life, but seaze vpon his goods,
Be thou lord bishop, and receiue his rents,
And make him serue thee as thy chaplaine,
I giue him thee, here vse him as thou wilt.

Gane. He shall to prison, and there die in bouls.

Edw. I to the tower, the fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish. For this offence be thou accurst of God.

Edw. Whose there? conueie this priest to the tower.

Bish. True, true.

B

Edw.

The Tragedie

Edw. But in the meane time *Ganeſton* away,

Er And take poſſeſſion of his houſe and goods,
W Come follow me, and thou ſhalt haue my guarde,
K To ſee it done, and bring thee ſafe againe.

Ti *Gane.* What ſhould a prieſt do with ſo faire a houſe?

N A priſon may be ſeeme his holineſſe.

Ti *Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke,
and Lancaſter.*

H *War.* Tiſ true, the Biſhop is in the tower,
And goods and body giuen to *Ganeſton*.

N *Lan.* What? will they tyrannize vpon the Church?

A Ah wicked king, accurſed *Ganeſton*,

It This ground which is corrupted with their ſteps,

A Shall be their timeles ſepulcher, or mine.

Ti *Mor.in.* Wel, let that peeuiſh Frenchmā guard him ſure

It Vnleſſe his breſt be ſword prooſe he ſhall die.

Cl *Mor.fe.* How now, why droops the earle of Lancaſter?

Ea *Mor.in.* Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwicke diſcontent?

Lan. That villaine *Ganeſton* is made an Earle.

Mortim.ſen. An Earle!

Fe *War.* I, and beſides, lord Chamberlaine of the realme,
And ſecretary to, and lord of Man.

Ti *Mor.fe.* We may not, nor we will not ſuffer this.

Ti *Mor.in.* Why poſt we not from hence to leuie men?

If *Lan.* My lord of Cornewall, now at euery worde,

It And happie is the man, whom he vouchſafes

Is For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,

Fe Thus arme in arme, the king and he dooth marche:

W Nay more, the guarde vpon his lordſhip waites:

W And all the court begins to flatter him.

Sa *War.* Thus leaning on the ſhoulder of the king,

W He nods, and ſcornes, and ſmiles at thoſe that paſſe.

Mor.fe. Doth no man take exceptions at the ſlaue?

Lan.

of Edward the second.

Lan. All stomack him, but none dare speake a word.

Mor.in. Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,
Were all the Earles and Barons of my minde,
Weele hale him from the bosome of the king,
And at the court gate hang the pessant vp,
Whoswolne with venome of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

Enter: he Bishop of Canterburie.

War. Here comes my lord of Canterburies grace.

Lan. His countenance bewraies he is displeasd.

Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torne,
Then laide they violent hands vpon him next,
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasd,
This certifie the Pope, away take horssle.

Lan. My lord, will you take armes against the king?

Bish. What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,
When violence is offered to the church,

Mor.in. Then wil you ioine with vs that be his peeres
To banish or behead that Gaueston?

Bish. VVhat els my lords, for it concernes me neere,
The Bishoprick of Couentrie is his.

Enter the Queene.

Mor.in. Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast?

Que. Vnto the forrest gentle *Mortimer*,
To liue in greefe and balefull discontent,
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueston*,
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue *Gaueston*.

Mor. se. Is it not straunge, that he is thus bewicht?

Mor.in. Madam, returne vnto the court againe:

The Tragedie

That flie inueigling Frenchman weele exile,

Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power,
And courage to, to be reuengde at full.

Bish. But yet list not your swords against the king.

Lan. No, but weele list *Gaueston* from hence.

War. And war must be the meanes, or heele slay stil.

Queen. Then let him stay, for rather then my lord

shall be opprest by ciuill mutinies,

I wil endure a melancholic life,

And let him strollick with his minion.

Bish. My lords, to eaze all this, but heare me speake,

We and the rest that are his counsellors,

Will meete, and with a generall consent,

Confirm his banishment with our handes and seales.

Lan. What we confirme the king will frustrate.

Mor. iii. Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

War. But say my lord, where shall this meeting bee?

Bish. At the new temple.

Mor. iii. Content:

And in the meane time ile intreat you all,

To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then lets away.

Mor. iii. Madam farewell.

Qu. Farewell sweet *Mortimer*, and for my sake,

Forbeare to leuie armes against the king.

Mor. iii. I, if words will serue, if not, I must.

Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.

Gau. Edmund the mightie prince of Lancaster,

That hath more earldomes then an asse can beare,

And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,

With *Guie* of *Warwick* that redoubted knight,

Are

of Edward the second.

Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.

Exeunt.

Enter Nobiles.

Lan. Here is the forme of *Gauestons* exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Bish. Giue me the paper.

Lan. Quick quick my lorde,
I long to write my name.

War. But I long more to see him banisht hence,

Mor.in. The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the king,
Vnlesse he be declinde from that base pelant.

Enter the King and Gaueston.

Edw.V What? are you mou'd that *Gaueston* sits heere?
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so.

Lan. Your grace doth wel to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earle is so safe.

Mor.se. VWhat man of noble birth can brooke this
sight?

Quam male conueniunt:

See what a scornfull looke the pelant casts.

Penb. Can kingle Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

War. Ignoble vassaile that like *Phaeton*,
Aspir'st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

Mor.ju. Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,
VVe will not thus be facst and ouerpeerd.:

Edw. Lay hands on that traitor *Mortimer*.

Mor.se. Lay hands on that traitor *Gaueston*.

Kent. Is this the dutie that you owe your king?

War. VVe know our duties, let him know his peeres.

Edw. Whether will you beare him, stay or ye shall die.

Mor.se. VVe are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

The Tragedie

Gau. No, threaten not my lord, but pay them home.
VVere I a king.

Mor.in. Thou villaine, wherefore talkes thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw. VVere he a peasant being my minion,
He make the proudest of you stoope to him.

Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage vs,
Away I say with hatefull *Ganeſton*.

Mort.se. And with the earle of Kent that fauors him,

Edw. Nay, then lay violent hands vpon your king,
Here *Mortimer*, ſit thou in *Edwards* throne,
Warwicke and *Lancaster*, weare you my crowne,
VVas euer king thus ouer rulde as I?

Lan. Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.

Mor.in. VVhat we haue done,
our hart bloud ſhall maintaine.

War. Think you that we can brooke this vpsart pride?

Edw. Anger and wrathfull furie ſtops my ſpeech.

Biſh. VVhy are you moou'd, be patient my lord,
And ſee what we your councellers haue done.

Mor.in. My lords, now let vs all be reſolute,
And either haue our wils, or loſe our liues.

Edw. Meete you for th's, proud ouerdaring peeres,
Ere my ſweete *Ganeſton* ſhall part from me,
This He ſhall fleete vpon the Ocean,
And wander to the vnſrequented Inde.

Biſh. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your allegiance to the ſea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile.

Mor.in. Curſe him, if he reſuſe, and then may we
Depoſe him and elect an other king.

Edw. I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,
Curſe me, depoſe me, doe the worſt you can.

Lan.

of Edward the second.

Lan. Then linger not my lord but do it straight.

Bish. Remember how the Bishop was abused,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presentlie discharge these lords,
Of dutie and allegiance due to thee.

Edw. It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obeyd:
My lord, you shalbe Chauncellor of the realme,
Thou Lancaster, high admirall of our fleete,
Yong *Mortimer* and his vnckle shalbe earles,
And you lord *VVarwick*, president of the North,
And thou of *VVales*, if this content you not,
Make seuerall kingdomes of this monarchie,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may haue some nooke or corner left,
To frolike with my deereft *Gaueston*.

Bish. Nothing shall alter vs, wee are resolu'd.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Mor. ju. VVhy should you loue him,
whome the world hates so?

Edw. Because he loues me more then all the world :
Ah none but rude and sauage minded men,
VVould seeke the ruine of my *Gaueston*,
You that be noble borne should pitie him.

Warwicke. You that are princely borne should shake
him off,

For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.

Mor. se. Vrge him my lord.

Bish. Are you content to banish him the realme?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content,
In steede of inke, ile write it with my teares.

Mor. ju. The king is loue-sick for his minion.

Edw. Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

Lan.

The Tragedie

Lan. Glue it me, ile haue it published in the streetes,

Mor. Ju. Ile see him presently dispatched away.

Bish. Now is my heart at ease.

Warw. And so is mine.

Penb. This will be good newes to the common sort.

Mor. se. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I loue,
They would not stir, were it to do me good:
Why should a king be subiect to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall groomes,
For these thy superstitious taperlights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
Ile fire thy craied buildings, and enforce
The papall towers, to kisse the lowlie ground,
With slaughtered priests may *Tibers* channell swell,
And bankes raisd higher with their sepulchers:
As for the peeres that backe the cleargie thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall liue.

Enter Gaueston.

Gau. My lord I heare it whispered euery where,
That I am banishd, and must flie the land.

Edw. Tis true sweete *Gaueston*, oh were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposd,
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently,
Liue where thou wilt, ile send thee Gould enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou doost,
Ile come to thee, my loue shall neare decline.

Gane. Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

Edw. Rend not my hart with thy too piercing words,
Thou

of Edward the second.

Thou from this land, I from my selfe am banisht.

Gan. To go from hence, greeues not poore *Ganeston*,
But to forsake you, in whose gracious lookes
The blessednes of *Ganeston* remaines,
For no where else seekes he felicitie.

Edw. And onely this torments my wretched soule,
That whether I will or no thou must depart:
Be gouernour of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,
O might I keepe thee heere, as I doe this,
Happie were I, but now most miserable.

Ganest. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence, ile hide thee *Ganeston*.

Gan. I shal be found, and then twil greeue me more.

Edwa. Kinde wordes, and mutuall talke, makes our
greefe greater.

Therefore with dum imbracement let vs part,
Stay *Ganeston* I cannot leaue thee thus.

Gan. For euey looke, my lord drops downe a teare,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edwa. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,
But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

Gan. The peeres will frowne.

Edw. I passe not for their anger, come lets go,
O that we might as well returne as goe.

Enter Edmund and Queen Isabell.

Qn. Whether goes my lord?

Edw. Fawne not on me French strumpet, get thee
gone.

Qn. On whom but on my husband should I fawne?

C

Gan.

The Tragedie

Edm. On *Mortimer*, with whom vngentle *Queene*;
I say no more, iudge you the rest my lord.

Qu. In saying this, thou wrongst me *Ganeſton*,
Iſt not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou muſt call mine honor thus in queſtion?

Gan. I meane not ſo, your grace muſt pardon me.

Edm. Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,
And by thy meanes is *Ganeſton* exilede,
But I would wiſh thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou ſhalt nere be reconcild to me.

Qu. Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.

Edm. Away then, touch me not, come *Ganeſton*.

Qu. Villaine, tiſ thou that robſt me of my lord.

Gan. Madam, tiſ you that rob me of my lord.

Edm. Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.

Qu. Wherein my lord, haue I deſerud theſe words?
Wiſneſſe the teares that *Iſab:lla* ſheds,
Wiſneſſe this hart, that ſighing for thee breakes,
How deare my lord is to poore *Iſa bell*.

Edm. And wiſneſſe heauen how deere thou art to me.
There weepe, for till my *Ganeſton* be repeald,
Aſſure thy ſelfe thou comſt not in my ſight.

Exeunt Edward and Ganeſton.

Qu. O miſerable and diſtreſſed *Queene*!
Would when I left ſweet France and was imbarkt,
That charming *Circes* walking on the waues,
Had chaungd my ſhape, or at the mariage day
The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyſon,
Or with thoſe armes that twind about my neck,
I had beene ſtifled, and not liued to ſee,
The king my lord thus to abandon me:
Like ſrantick *Iuno* will I fill the earth,

With

of Edward the second.

With gastlie murmure of my sighes and cries,
For neuer doted I on *Ganimed*,
So much as he on cursed *Ganeston*,
But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speake him faire,
And be a meanes to call home *Ganeston*:
And yet heele euer dote on *Ganeston*,
And so am I for euer miserable.

Enter the Nobles to the Queene.

Lanc. Looke where the sister of the king of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her brest.

Warw. The king I feare hath ill intreated her.

Pen. Hard is the hart, that iniures such a saint.

Mor.in. I know tis long of *Ganeston* she weepes.

Mor.se. Why? he is gone.

Mor.in. Madam, how fares your grace?

Qu. Ah *Mortimer*! now breaks the kings hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loues me nor.

Mor.in. Crie quittance Madam then, & loue not him.

Qu. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.

Lan. Feare ye not Madam, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quicklie left.

Qu. O neuer Lancaster!! am inioynde,
To iue vnto you all for his repeale:
This wils my lord, and this must I performe,
Or else be banisht from his highnesse presence.

Lan. For his repeale, Madam, he comes not back,
Vnlesse the sea cast vp his shipwrack body.

War. And to behold so sweete a sight as that,
Theres none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mor.in. But madam, would you haue v: cal him home?

Qu. I *Mortimer*, for till he be restorde,

The Tragedie

The angrie king hath banished me the court:
And therefore as thou louest and tendrest me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto these peeres.

Mor. in. What, would ye haue me plead for *Gaueston*?

Mor. se. Plead for him he that will, I am resolute.

Lan. And so am I my lord, diswade the *Queene*.

Qu. O *Lancaster*, let him diswade the king,
For tis against my will he should returne.

War. Then speake not for him, let the peasant go.

Qu. Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.

Pen. No speaking will preuaile, and therefore cease.

Mor. in. Faire *Queene* forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Gaueston*,
That now I hope flotes on the Irish seas.

Qu. Sweete *Mortimer*, sit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such waighte,
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.

Mor. in. It is impossible, but speake your minde.

Qu. Then thus, but none shal heare it but our selues.

Lanc. My Lords albeit the *Queen* winne *Mortimer*,
will you be resolute and hold with me?

Mor. se. Not I against my nephew.

Pen. Feare not, the queens words cannot alter him.

War. No, doe but marke how earnestly she pleads.

Lan. And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.

War. She smiles, now for my life his mind is changd.

Lanc. Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt.

Mor. in. Well of necessitie it must be so,
My Lords, th at I abhorre base *Gaueston*,
I hope your honors make no question,
And therefore though I pleade for his repeall,
Tis not for his sake, but for our auaille:

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of Edward the second.

Nay for the realms behoofe and for the kings.

Lanc. Fie *Mortimer*, dishonor not thy selfe,
Can this be true twas good to banish him?

And is this true to call him home againe?

Such reasons make white blacke, and darke night day.

Mor. in. My Lord of Lancaster, marke the respect.

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Qu. Yet good my lord, heare what he can alledge.

War. All that he speakes, is nothing, we are resolu'd.

Mor. in. Do you not wish that *Gaueston* were dead?

Pen. I would he were.

Mor. in. Why then my lord, giue me but leaue to speak.

Mor. se. But nephew, do not play the sophister.

Mor. in. This which I vrge, is of a burning zeale,

To mend the king, and do our countrie good:

Know you not *Gaueston* hath store of golde,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,

As he will front the mightiest of vs all,

And whereas he shall liue and be beloude,

Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

War. Marke you but that my lord of Lancaster.

Mor. in. But were he here, detested as he is,

How easilie might some base slaue be subbornd,

To greet his lordship with a poniard,

And none so much as blame the murtherer,

But rather praise him for that braue attempt,

And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,

For purging of the realme of such a plague.

Pen. He saith true.

Lan. I, but how chance this was not done before?

Mor. in. Because my lords, it was not thought vpon:

Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,

To banish him, and then to call him home,

The Tragedie

Twill make him vaile the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

Mor.se. But how if he do not Nephew?

Mor.in. Then may we with some colour rise in armes,
For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the king,
So shall we haue the people of our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the king,
But cannot brooke a night growne mulhrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,
Tis not the king can buckler *Gaueston*.
Weele pull him from the strongest hold he hath,
My lords, if to performe this I be slack,
Thinke me as base a groome as *Gaueston*.

Lan. On that condition Lancaster will graunt.

War. And so will *Penbrooke* and I.

Mor.se. And I.

Mor.in. In this I count me highly gratified,
And *Mortimer* will rest at your commaund.

Qu. And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,
Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my lord the king,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,
Is new returnd, this newes will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me, I loue him more
Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me
But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

Enter king Edward moorning.

Edw. Hees gone, and for his absence thus I moorne,
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,

As

of Edward the second.

As dooth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,
And could my crownes reuenew bring him back,
I would freele giue it to his enemies,
And thinke *I* gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.

Qu. Harke how he harpes vpon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anuill vnto sorrow,
Which beates vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me frantick for my *Gaueston* :
Ah had some bloudlesse furie rose from hell,
And with my kinglie scepter stroke me dead,
When *I* was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.

Lan. Diablo, what passions call you these

Qu. My gracious lord, *I* come to bring you newes.

Edw. That you haue parled with your *Mortimer*.

Qu. That *Gaueston* my Lord shalbe repeald.

Edw. Repeald, the newes is too sweet to be true.

Qu. But will you loue me, if you finde it so?

Edw. If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?

Qu. For *Gaueston*, but not for *Isabell*.

Edw. For thee faire Queene, if thou louest *Gaueston*,
He hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.

Qu. No other iewels hang about my neck
Then these my lord, nor let me haue more wealth,
Then *I* may fetch from this rich treasurie :
O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.

Edw. Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,
A second mariage twixt thy selfe and me.

Qu. And may it prooue more happie then the first,
My gentle lord, bespeake these nobles faire,
That waite attendance for a gracious looke,
And on their knees salute your maieslie.

The Tragedie

Edw. Couragious Lancaster, imbrace thy king,
And as grosse vapours perish by the sunne,
Euen solet hatred with thy soueraigne smile,
Liue thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation ouerioyes my heart.

Edw. Warwick, shalbe my chiefest counsellers
These siluer haire will more adorne my court,
Then gaudie filkes, or rich imbrotherie,
Chide me sweete Warwick, if I go astray.

War. Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw. In sollemn triumphes, and in publike showes,
Penbrooke shall beare the sword before the king.

Pen. And with this sword, *Penbrooke* wil fight for you.

Edw. But wherefore walkes yong *Mortimer* aside?
Be thou commaunder of our royall flecte,
Or if that lostie office like thee not,
I make thee heere lord Marshall of the realme.

Mor. in. My lord, ile marshall so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edw. And as for you, lord *Mortimer* of Chirke,
Whose great atchiuements in our forrain warre,
Deserues no comon place, nor meane reward:
Be you the generall of the leuied troopes,
That now are readie to assaile the Scots.

Mor. se. In this your grace hath highly honoured me,
For with my nature warre doth best agree.

Qu. Now is the king of England riche and strong,
Hauing the loue of his renowned peeres.

Edw. I *Isbell*, nere was my heart so light,
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,
For *Gaueston* to Ireland: *Beaumont* flie,
As fast as *Iris*, or *Iones Mercurie*.

Beam. It shalbe done my gracious Lord.

Edw.

of Edward the second.

Edw. Lord *Mortimer*, we leaue you to your charge;
Now let vs in, and feast it roiallie:

Against our friend the earle of Cornewall comes,
Weele haue a generall tilt and turnament,
And then his mariage shalbe solemnized,
For wot you not that I haue made him sure,
Vnto our cosin, the earle of Glosters heire.

Lan. Such newes we heare my lord.

Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumphe will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

Warwick. In this, or ought, your highnes shall com-
maund vs.

Edward. Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and
reuell.

Exeunt.

Manent Mortimers.

Mor. se. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stiaiest here;
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and caline,
And seeing his minde so dotes on *Gaueson*,
Let him without controulement haue his will,
The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
Great *Alexander* loude *Ephestion*,
The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,
And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achillis* droopt:
And not kings onelie, but the wisest men,
The Romaine *Tullie* loued *Oelanis*,
Graue *Socrates*, wilde *Alcibiades*:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enioy that vaine light-headed earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

Mor. in. Vnckle, his wanton humor grieues not me,

D

Bug

The Tragedie

But this *Iscorne*, that one so baselie borne,
Should by his soueraignes fauour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme,
While souldiers mutinie for want of paie,
He weares a lords reuenewe on his back,
And *Midas* like he iets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heeles,
Whose proud fantaslick liueries make such show,
As if that *Proteus* god of shapes appearde,
I haue not scene a dapper iack so briske,
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,
Larded with pearle, and in his tuskan cap
A iewell of more value then the crowne,
Whiles other walke below, the king and he
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And floute our traine, and lest at our attire:
Vnckle, tis this that makes me impatient.

Mor. se. But nephew, now you see the king is changd.

Mor. in. Then so am I, and liue to do him seruice,
But whiles *I* haue a sword, a hand, a hart,
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.
You know my minde, come vnckle lets away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Baldock.

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our Lord the earle of Gloucesters dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou meane to serue?

Spen. Not *Mortimer*, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies,

Baldock: learne this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himselfe good, much lesse vs,

But he that hath the fauour of a king,

May with one word, aduaunce vs while we liue:

The

of Edward the second.

The liberall earle of Cornewall is the man,
On whose good fortune *Spencers* hope depends.

Bald. What, meane you then to be his follower?

Spen. No, his companion, for he loues me well,
And would haue once preferd me to the king.

Bald. But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.

Spen. I for a while, but *Baldock* marke the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,
That hees repeald, and sent for back againe,
And euen now, a poast came from the court,
With letters to our ladie from the King,
And as she red, she smild, which makes me thinke,
It is about her louer *Gaueston*.

Bald. Tis like enough, for since he was exild,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight:
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,
And that his banishment had changd her minde.

Spen. Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,
My life for thine she will haue *Gaueston*.

Bald. Then hope I by her meanes to be preferd,
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.

Spen. Then *Baldock*, you must cast the scholler off,
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a black coate and a little band,
A Veluet cap'de cloake, fac'll before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nose gay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downeward, with your eye lids close,
And saying, trulie ant may please your honor,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,

The Tragedie

And now and then, stab as occasion serues.

Bald. *Spencer*, thou knowest I hate such formall toies,
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.

Mine old lord whiles he liude, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanic.

I'am none of these common pendants I,
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.

Spen. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

Bald. Leaue of this iesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Ladie.

Lady. The grieue for his exile was not so much,
As is the ioy of his returning home,

This letter came from my sweete *Ganeston*,
VVhat needst thou loue, thusto excuse thy selfe?

I know thou couldst not come and visit me,
I will not long be from thee though I die:

This argues the entire loue of my Lord,
VVhen I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,

But rest thee here where *Ganeston* shall sleepe.

Now to the letter of my Lord the King,

He wils me to repaire vnto the court,

And meete my *Ganeston*: why do I stay,

Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?

VVhose there, *Balduck*?

See that my coache be readie, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done madam. *Exit.*

Lad. And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:

Spencer, stay you and beare me companie,

For

of Edward the second.

For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,
My lord of Cornewall is a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as soone as we.

Spem. I knew the King would haue him home againe.

Lad. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy seruice *Spencer* shalbe thought vpon.

Spem. I humbly thanke your Ladieship.

Lad. Come lead the way, I long till I am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent, attendants.*

Edw. The winde is good, I wonder why he stayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.

Queen. Looke *Lancaster* how passionate he is,
And still his minde runs on his minion.

Lan. My Lord.

Edw. How now, what newes, is *Gaueston* arriued?

Mor. Nothing but *Gaueston*, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waight to thinke vpon,
The King of Fraunce sets foote in Normandie.

Edw. A trifle, weele expell him when we please:
But tell me *Mortimer*, whats thy deuise,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Mor. A homely one my lord, not worth the telling.

Edw. Prethee let me know it.

Mor. in. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lostie Cedar tree faire flourishing,
On whose top-branches Kinglie Eagles pearch,
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp,
And gets vnto the highest bough of all,
The motto: *Aequetandem.*

Edw. And what is yours my lord of *Lancaster*?

Lan. My lord, mines more obscure then *Mortimers*,
Plinius reports, there is a flying Fish,

The Tragedie

Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the aire :
No sooner is it vp, but thers a foule,
That seaseth it : this fish my lord I beare,
The motto this : *Vndique mors est.*

Edw. Proud *Mortimer*, vngentle *Lancaster*,
Is this the loue you beare your soueraigne?
Is this the fruite your reconcilment beares?
Can you in words make shoue of amitie,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

Qu. Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

Edw. They loue me not that hate my *Gaueston*,
I am that Cedar, shake me not too much,
And you the Eagles, sore ye nere so high,
I haue the gresses that will pull you downe,
And *Aequo tandem* shall that canker crie,
Vnto the proudest peere of Britanie :
Though thou comparst him to a flying Fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him.

Mor. iij. If in his absence thus he fauors him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?

Lan. That shall wee see, looke where his lordship
comes.

Enter Gaueston.

Edw. My *Gaueston*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome
to thy friend,

Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the louers of faire *Danae*,
When she was lockt vp in a brasen tower,

Desirde

of Edward the second.

Desirde her more, and waxt outragious,
So did it sure with me : and now thy sight
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence
Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

Gan. Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth
mine,

Yet haue I words left to expresse my ioy :
The sheepeherd nipt with biting winters rage,
Frolicks not more to see the paynted springe,
Then I doe to behold your Maiestie.

Edw. Will none of you salute my *Gaueston*?

Lan. Salute him : yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

Mor. in. Welcome is the good Earle of Cornewall

War. Welcome Lord gouernour of the Ile of man.

Pen. Welcome maister secretarie.

Edw. Brother doe you heare them?

Edw. Stil wil these Earles and Barrons vse me thus?

Gan. My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries.

Qu. Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.

Edw. Returne it to their throtes, ile be thy warrant.

Gan. Bate leaden Earles that glorie in your birth,
Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe:
And come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,
Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,
As to bestow a looke on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

Edw. Treason, treason : whers the traitor?

Pen. Heere here King: conuey hence *Gaueston*, thaile
murder him.

Gan. The life of thee shall salue this foule disgrace.

Mor. in. Villaine thy life, vnlesse I misse mine aime.

Qu. Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?

Mor. No more then I would answere were he slaine.

Edw.

The Tragedie

Ed. Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,
Deare shall you both abie this riotous deede :
Out of my presence, come not neere the court.

Mor.in. Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

Lan. Weele haile him by the cares vnto the block.

Edw. Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.

War. Looke to your owne crowne, if you back him
thus.

Edm. Warwicke, these words do ill beseeme thy years.

Edw. Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,
But if I liue, ile tread vpon their heads,
That thinke with high looks thus to tread me down,
Come *Edmund* lets away, and leuie men,
Tis warre that must abate these Barons pride.

Exit the King.

War. Lets to our castels, for the king is mooude.

Mor.in. Moou'd may he be, and perish in his wrath.

Lan. Cofin it is no dealing with him now,
He meanes to make vs stoope by force of armes,
And therefore let vs iointlie here protest,
To prosecute that *Gaueston* to the death.

Mor.in. By heauen, the abiect villaine shall not liue.

War. Ile haue his bloud, or die in seeking it.

Pen. The like oath *Penbrooke* takes.

Lan. And so doth *Lancaster* :

Now send our Heralds to defie the King,
And make the people sweare to put him downe.

Enter a Poast.

Mor.in. Letters, from whence?

Messen. From Scotland my lord.

Lan. Why how now cofin, how fares all our friends?

Mor.in. My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lā. Weel haue him ransomed man, be of good cheere.

Mor.

of Edward the second.

Mor. They rate his ransome at five thousand pound,
Who should defray the money, but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres?
Ile to the King.

Lan. Do cosin, and ile beare thee companie:

War. Meane time my lord of Penbrooke and my selfe,
Will to Newcastle heere, and gather head.

Mor. in. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute, and full of secrecie,

War. I warrant you.

Mor. in. Cosin, and if he will not ransome him,
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,
As neuer subiect did vnto his King.

Lan. Content, ile beare my part, holla whose theret

Mor. in. I marry, such a garde as this dooth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Mor. in. Whither elie but to the King.

Guard. His highnes is disposde to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.

Guard. You may not in my lord.

Mor. in. May we not.

Edw. How now, what noise is this?

Who haue we there, ist you?

Mor. Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you newes,
Mine vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edw. Then ransome him.

Lan. Twas in your wars, you should ransome him.

Mor. in. And you shall ransome him, or else.

Edm. What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him?

Edw. Quiet your self, you shall haue the broad scale,
To gather for him thoroughout the realme.

Lan. Your minion *Ganeſſon* ha: taught you this.

The Tragedie

Mor.in. My lord, the familie of the *Mortimers*
Are not so poore, but would they sell their land,
Would leuie men enough to anger you,
We neuer beg, but vse such praiers as these,

Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mor.in. Nay, now you are heere alone, ile speake my
minde.

Lan. And so will I, and then my lord farewell.

Mor. The idle triumphes, maskes, lasciuious shewes
And prodigall gifts bestowed on *Gaueston*,
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made thee weake,
The murmuring commons ouer stretched hath.

Lau. Looke for rebellion, looke to be deposde,
Thy garrisons are beaten out of Fraunce,
And lame and poote, lie groning at the gates,
The wilde *Oneye*, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,
Liues vncontroulde within the English pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vnresisted, draue away riche spoiles.

Mor.in. The hautie *Dane* commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships vnrigd.

Lan. What forraine prince tends thee embassadors?

Mor. Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lan. Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to *Valoys*,
Complaines, that thou hast left her all forlorne.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seeme glorious to the world,
I meane the peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:
Libels are cast againe thee in the streete,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.

Lan. The Northren borderers seeing the houses burnt
Their wiues and children slaine, run vp and downe,
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaueston*.

Mor.

of Edward the second.

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy souldiers marcht like players,
With garish robes, not armor, and thy selfe
Bedaubd with golde, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where womens fauors hung like labels downe.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,
To Englands high disgrace, haue made this lig,
Maids of England, sore may you moorne,
For your lemmons you haue lost, at Bannocks borne,
With a heaue and a ho,
VVhat weeneth the king of England,
So soone to haue woone Scotland,
With a rombelow.

Mor. Wigmore shall flie, to set my vnckle free.

Lan. And when tis gone, our swordes shall purchase
more,
If ye be moou'de, reuenge it as you can,
Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spred.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edwa. My swelling hart for very anger breakes,
How oft haue I beene baited by these peeres?
And dare not be reuengde, for their power is great:
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,
Affright a Lion? *Edward*, vnfolde thy pawes,
And let their liues bloud slake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruell, and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themselues, and rue too late.

Kent. My lord, I see your loue to *Gaueston*,
VVill be the ruine of the realme and you,
For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore brother banish him for euer.

Edw. Art thou an enemy to my *Gaueston*?

The Tragedie

Kent. I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.

Edw. Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*.

Kent. So will I, rather then with *Gaueston*.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No maruell though thou scorne thy noble
peeres,

VWhen I thy brother am reiectet thus. *Exit.*

Edw. Away poore *Gaueston*, that hath no friend but me,
Do what they can, wee le liue in *Tinmouth* here,
And so I walke with him about the walles,
VWhat care I though the Earles begirt vs round,
Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

*Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Baldock,
and Spencer.*

Qu. My lord, tis thought, the Earles are vp in armes.

Edw. I, and tis likewise thought you fauour him.

Qu. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

Ls. Sweet vnckle speake more kindly to the queene.

Gau. My lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.

Edw. Pardon me sweet, I forgot my selfe.

Qu. Your pardon is quicklie got of *Isabell*.

Edw. The yonger *Mortimer* is growne so braue,
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

Gau. VWhy do you not commit him to the tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people loue him well.

Gau. Why then wee le haue him priuile made away.

Edw. VVould Lancaster and he had both carroust,
A bowle of poison to each others health:
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lad. Two of my fathers seruants whilst he liu'de,
Mait please your grace to entertaine them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou borne?

VWhat

of Edward the second.

What is thine armes?

Bald. My name is *Baldock*, and my gentrie
I fetcht from Oxford, not from Heraldrie.

Edw. The fitter art thou *Baldock* for my turne,
VVaite on me, and ile see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humblye thanke your maiestie.

Edw. Knowest thou him *Gaueston*?

Gau. I my lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is well alied,
For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,
Scarce shall you finde a man of inore desert.

Edw. Then *Spencer* waite vpon me, for his sake
Ile grace thee with a higher stile ere long.

Spen. No greater titles happen vnto me,
Then to be fauoured of your maiestie.

Edw. Cosin, this day shalbe your mariage feast,
And *Gaueston*, thinke that I loue thee well,
To wed thee to our neece, the onely heire
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

Gau. I know my lord, many will stomack me,
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

Edw. The head-strong Barons shall not limit me,
He that I list to fauour shall be great:
Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,
Penbrooke, Kent.*

Kent. My lords, of loue to this our native land,
I come to ioine with you, and leaue the king,
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,
VWill be the first that shall aduenture life.

Lan. I feare me you are sent of pollicie,

The Tragedie

To vndermine vs with a shoue of loue,

Warw. He is your brother, therefore haue we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your reuolt.

Edm. Mine honor shalbe hostage of my truth,
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mor.in. Stay *Edmund*, neuer was *Plantagenet*
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pen. But whats the reason you should leaue him now?

Kent. I haue enformd the Earle of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth : now my lords know this,
That *Gaueston* is secretlie arriude,
And here in *Tinmoth* frolicks with the king,
Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,
And sodenly surprize them vnawares.

Mor.in. Ile giue the onser.

War. And ile follow thee.

Mor.in. This tottered ensigne of my auncesters,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,
Will I aduance vpon this castell walles,
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloude the knell of *Gaueston*.

Lanc. None be so hardie as to touche the King,
But neither spare you *Gaueston*, nor his friends.

Exeunt.

*Enter the king and Spencer, to them
Gaueston, &c.*

Edw. O tell me *Spencer*, where is *Gaueston*?

Spen. I feare me he is slaine my gracious lord.

Edw. No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill:
Flie, flie, my lords, the earles haue got the holde,
Take shipping and away to *Scarborough*,
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gau.

of Edward the second.

Gan. O stay my lord, they will not iniure you.

Edw. I will not trust them, *Gaueston* away.

Gan. Farewell my Lord.

Edw. Ladie, farewell.

Lad. Farewell sweete vnckle till we meete againe.

Edw. Farewell sweete *Gaueston*, and farewell Neece.

Qu. No farewell, to poore *Isabell*, thy Queene?

Edw. Yes, yes, for *Mortimer* your louers sake.

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

Qu. Heauens can witnesse, I loue none but you,
From my imbracements thus he breakes away,
O that mine armes could close this Ile about,
That I might pull him to me where I would,
Or that these teares that drissell from mine eyes,
Had power to mollifie his stonie hart,
That when I had him we might neuer part.

Enter the Barons alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scapt.

Mor.in. Whose this, the Queene?

Qu. I *Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,
Whose pining heart, her inward sighes haue blasted,
And body with continuall moorning wasted:
These hands are tir'd, with haling of my lord
From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,
And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

Mor.in. Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the king?

Qu. What would you with the king, ist him you seek?

Lan. No madam, but that cursed *Gaueston*,
Farre be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his soueraigne,
We would but rid the realme of *Gaueston*,
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

Qu.

The Tragedie

Qu. Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,
Pursue him quicklie, and he cannot scape,
The king hath left him, and his traine is small.

War. For slowe no time, sweet Lancaster lets march.

Mor. How comes it, that the king and he is parted?

Qu. That this your armie going seuerall waies,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presentlie to raise,
Be easilie suppress: and therefore be gone.

Mor. Heere in the riuer rides a Flemish hoie,
Lets all aboard, and follow him amaine.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence, wil fil our sailes,
Come, come aboard, tis but an houres sailing.

Mor. Madam, stay you within this castell here.

Qu. No *Mortimer*, ile to my lord the king.

Mor. Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

Qu. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he heare I haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserues.

Qu. So well hast thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,
As *Isabell* could liue with thee for euer,
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston*:
Yet once more ile importune him with praiers,
If he be straunge and not regarde my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the king my brother there complaine,
How *Gaueston* hath robd me of his loue:
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine.

Exeunt.

Enter.

of Edward the second.

Enter Gaueston pursued.

Gau. Yet lustie lords I haue elcapt your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hote pursutes,
And though deuorced from king *Edwards* eyes,
Yet liueth *Pierce* of *Gauceston* vn surprizd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards,
That mutter rebels thus against your king)
To see his royall soueraigne once againe.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy countries peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broiles,
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a souldiers name,
Vpon my weapons point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy goare.

Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Traind to armes and bloudie warres,
So many valiant knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
Kind *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue?
Go souldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:
Gauceston, short warning shall serue thy turne:
It is our countries cause,
That here seuerelie we will execute,
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough:

Gau. My Lord.

War. Souldiers, haue him away:
But for thou wert the fauorit of a King,
Thou shalt haue so much honor at our hands.

Gau. I thanke you all my lords, then I perceiue,

The Tragedie

That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter earle of Arundell.

Lan. How now my lord of *Arundell*?

Arun. My lords, king *Edward* greetes you all by me.

War. *Arundell*, say your message.

Arun. His maiesty, hearing that you had takē *Gaueston*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he saies,
And sends you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindfull of the curtesie.

Warw. How now?

Gau. Renowmed *Edward*, how thy name
Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

War. No, it needeth not,
Arundell, we will gratifie the king
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,
Souldiers away with him.

Gauest. Why my Lord of *VVarwicke*,
Will not these delaies beget my hopes?
I know it lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet graunt king *Edward* this.

Mor. in. Shalt thou appoint what we shall graunt?
Souldiers away with him:
Thus weele gratifie the king,
Weele send his head by thee, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Gaueston*, or else his sencelesse trunck.

Lan. Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost,
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

Arun. My lords, it is his maiesties request,
And in the honor of a king he sweares,

He

of Edward the second.

He will but talke with him and send him backe:

War. When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot,
He that the care of realme remits,
And driues his nobles to these exigents
For *Gaueston*, will if he zeale him once,
Violate any promise to possesse him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in keepe,
My lords, I will be pledge for his returne.

Mor.in. It is honourable in thee to offer this,
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a theefe.

Gane. How meanst thou *Mortimer*? that is ouer base.

Mor. Away base groome, robber of kings renowme,
Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pen. My lord *Mortimer*, and you my lords each one,
To gratifie the kings request therein,
Touching the sending of this *Gaueston*,
Because his maiestie so earnestlie
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will vpon mine honor vndertake
To carrie him, and bring him back againe,
Prouided this, that you my lord of *Arundell*
Will ioyne with me.

War. *Penbrooke*, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough
That we haue taken him, but must we now
Leaue him on had-Iwist, and let him go?

Pen. My lords, I will not ouer wooe your honors,
But if you dare trust *Penbrooke* with the prisoner,
Vpon mine oath I will returne him back.

Arun. My lord of *Lancaster*, what say you in this?

Lan. Why I say, let him go on *Penbrooke's* word.

The Tragedie

Pen. And you lord *Mortimer*.

Mor. in. How say you my lord of Warwick.

War. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how twill prooue.

Pen. Then giue him me.

Gau. Sweete soueraigne, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

Warw. Yet not perhaps,
If Warwicks wit and policie preuaile.

Mor. in. My lord of Penbrooke, we deliuer him you,
Returne him on your honor, sound away. *Exeunt.*

*Manent Penbrooke, Mat. Gauest. & Pen-
brookes men, foure souldiers.*

Pen. My Lord, you shall go with me,
My house is not farre hence out of the way,
A little, but our men shall go along,
We that haue prettie wenches to our wiues,
Sir, must not come so neare and balke their lips.

Mat. Tis verie kindlie spoke my lord of *Penbrooke*,
Your honor hath an adamant of power,
To drawe a prince.

Pen. So my lord, come hether *James*,
I do commit this *Gaueston* to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gon.

Gau. Vnhappie *Gaueston*, whether goest thou now.

Exit cum seruus Pen.

Horse boy. My lord, we cle quicklie be at *Cobham*.

Exeunt ambo.

*Enter Gaueston moorning, and the earle
of Penbrookes men.*

Gau. O treacherous Warwicke thus to wrong thy
friend!

James.

of Edward the second.

James. I see it is your life these armes pursue.

Gau. Weaponles must I fall and die in bands,
O must this day be period of my life!
Center of all my blisse, and yee be men,
Speede to the king.

Enter Warwicke and his companie.

War. My lord of Penbrookes men,
Striue you no longer, I will haue that *Gaueston*.

Iam. Your lordship doth dishonor to your selfe,
And wrong our lord, your honorable friend.

War. No *James*, it is my countries cause I follow,
Goe, take the villaine, soldiers come away,
Weel make quick worke, comend me to your maister
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,
Come, let thy shadow parley with king *Edward*.

Gau. Treacherous earle, shall I not see the king?

War. The king of heauen perhaps, no other king,
Away. *Exeunt Warwike and his men, with Gauest.*

Manet Iam. cum cateris.

Come fellowes, it booted not for vs to striue,
We will in hast go certifie our Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter king Edward and Spencer, with
Drummes and Fifes.*

Edw. I long to heare an answer from the Barons
Touching my friend, my deereft *Gaueston*,
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realme
Can ransom him, ah he is markt to die,
I know the malice of the yonger *Mortimer*,
VVarwick I know is rounge, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall neuer see
My louely *Pierce*, my *Gaueston* againe,
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride.

Spencer. Were I king *Edward* Englands soueraigne,
Sonne

The Tragedie

Sonne to the louelic *Elenor* of Spaine,
Great *Edward Longshankes* issue: would I bear
These braues, this rage, and suffer vncontrowld
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine owne realme? my lord pardon my speeche,
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie?
Did you regard the honor of your name?
You would not suffer thus your maiestie
Be counterbust of your nobilitie,
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learne obedience to their lawfull king.

Edw. Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too milde,
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our sword,
And if they send me not my *Gaueson*,
Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.

Bald. This haught resolute becomes your maiestie,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highnes were a schoole boy still,
And must be awde and gouerned like a child.

*Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to
the yong Spencer, with his trunchion,
and soldiers.*

Spen.pa. Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

Edw. Welcome old man, comst thou in *Edwards* aide?
Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spen.pa. Loe, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Browne bills, and targetiers, 400 strong,
Sworne to defend king *Edwards* royall right,
I come in person to your maiestie,
Spencer, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there,

Bound

of Edward the second.

Bound to your highnes euerlastingle,
For fauours done in him, vnto vs all.

Edw. Thy father *Spencer*!

Spencer, filius. True, and it like your grace,
That powres in lieu of all your goodnes showne,
His life my lord, before your princely feete.

Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe,
Spencer, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:
Spencer, I heere create thee earle of Wilshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:
Beside, the more to manifest our loue,
Because we heare Lord *Brase* dooth sell his land,
And that the *Mertimers* are in hand withall,
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, t'out bid the Barons,
And *Spencer*, spare them not, but lay it on.
Souldiers a largis, and thrice welcome all.

Spencer. My lord, here comes the Queene.

*Enter the Queene and her sonne, and
Lewne a Frenchman.*

Edw. Madam, what newes?

Q. Newes of dishonor lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Lewne*, faichfull and full of trust,
Informeth vs, by letters and by words,
That lord *Valoyes* our brother, king of Fraunce,
Because your highnesse hath beene slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandie into his hands,
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edw. Welcome *Lewne*, tush *Sib*, if this be all,
Valoyes and I will soone be friends againe,
But to my *Ganeston*: shall I neuer see,
Neuer behold thee now? Madam in this matter

The Tragedie

We will employ you and your little sonne,
You shall go parley with the king of Fraunce,
Boye, see you beare you brauelic to the king,
And do your message with a maiestie.

Prin. Commit not to my youth things of more waight
Then fits a prince so yong as I to beare,
And feare not lord and father, heauens great beames
On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

Qu. A boye, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to many daies on earth.

Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our sonne, *Lewne* shall follow you,
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence,
Choose of our lords to beare you companie,
And go in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

Qu. Vnnatural wars, where subiects braue their king,
God end them once, my lord I take my leaue,
To make my preparation for Fraunce.

Enter lord Matre.

Edw. What lord *Matre.* dost thou come alone?

Mat. Yea my good lord, for *Gaueston* is dead.

Edw. Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,
Tell me *Matre.* died he ere thou camst,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Matr. Neither my lord, for as he was surprizd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him back,

Edw. And tell me, would the rebels denie me that?

Spew.

of Edward the second.

Spem. Proud recreants.

Edw. Yea *Spencer*, traitors all.

Matr. I found them at the first inexorable,
The earle of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, *Penbrooke* and *Lancaster*
Spake least: and when they flatly had denyed,
Refusing to receiue me pledge for him,
The earle of *Penbrooke* mildlie thus bespake.
My lords, because our soueraigne sends for him,
And promiserh he shall be safe returnd,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And see him redeliuered to your hands.

Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spem. Some treason, or some villanie was cause.

Matr. The earle of Warwick seazde him on his way,
For being deliuered vnto *Penbrookes* men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trenche
Strake off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

Spem. A bloudie part, flatly against law of armes.

Edw. O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and die!

Spem. My lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,
Vpon these Barons, harten vp your men,
Let them not vnreuengd murther your friends,
Aduance your standard *Edward* in the field,
And marche to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneeles, and saith.

By earth, the common mother of vs all,
By heauen, and ail the moouing orbes thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,
And all the honors longing to my crowne,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,

The Tragedie

As I haue manors, castels, townes, and towers,
Tretcherous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer* :
If I be Englands king, in lakes of gore
Your headles trunks, your bodies will I traile,
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in bloud,
And staine my roiall standard with the same,
That so my bloudie colours may suggest
Remembrance of reuenge immortallie,
On your accursed traiterous progenie :
You villaines that haue slaine my *Gaueston*,
And in this place of honor and of trust,
Spencer, sweet *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,
And meerely of our loue we do create thee
Earle of Gloster, and lord Chamberlaine,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Spem. My lord, heres is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires accesse vnto your maiestie.

Edw. Admit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons,
with his coate of armes.*

Messen. Long liue king *Edward*, Englands lawfull lord.

Edw. So with not they I wis that sent thee hither,
Thou comst from *Mortimer* and his complices,
A ranker route of rebels neuer was:
Well, say thy message.

Messen. The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
Your highnes, with long life and happines,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of bloud,
You will this greefe haue ease and remedie,
That from your princely person you remooue
This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branche,
That deads the royall vine, whose golden leaues

Empale

of Edward the second.

Empale your princelie head, your diadem,
Whose brightnes such pernicious vpstarts dim,
Say they, and louinglie aduise your grace,
To cherish vertue and nobilitie,
And haue old seruitors in high esteeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This graunted, they, their honors, and their liues,
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

Spem. A traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarrie no answer, but be gon,
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His sports, his pleasures, and his companie:
Yet ere thou go, see how I do deuorce *Embrace*
Spencer from me: now get thee to thy lords, *Spencer.*
And tell them I will come to chastise them,
For murthering *Ganeſton*: hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,
My lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:
Souldiers, good harts, defend your soueraignes right,
For now, euen now, we marche to make them stoope,
Away.

Exeunt.

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, And a retreat.

*Enter the king, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne,
and the noblemen of the kings side.*

Edw. Why do we sound retreat? vpon them lords,
This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are vp in armes,
And do confront and countermaund their king.

Spem. son. I doubt it not my lord, right will preuaile.

Spem. fa. Tis not amisse my liege for eyther part,
To breathe a while, our men with sweat and dust
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,

The Tragedie

And this retire refresheth horse and man;

Spem. son. Heere come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,
Penbrooke, cum cateris.*

Mor. Looke Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flatterers,

Lan. And there let him bee, till hee pay deerely for their companie,

War. And shall our *Warwicks* sword shal smite in vaine.

Edw. What rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?

Mor. in. No Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and flie.

Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,
For theile betray thee, traitors as they are.

Spem. so. Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.

Pen. Away base vpstart, brau'st thou nobles thus,

Spem. fa. A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not trowe ye, to assemble aide,

And leuie armes against your lawfull king?

Edw. For which ere long, their heads shall satisfie,
T'appeaze the wrath of their offended king.

Mor. in. Then Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subiects blood,
Then banish that pernicious companie.

Edw. I traitors all, rather then thus be braude,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,
And plowes to go about our pallace gates.

War. A desperate and vn naturall resolution,
Alarum to the fight, saint George for England,
And the Barons right.

Edw. S. George for England, and king Edwards right.

Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.

Edw. Now lustie lords, now not by chance of warre,
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause

Vaild

of Edward the second.

Vaile is your pride, me thinkes you hang the hea
But weele aduance them traitors, now tis time
To be auengd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my dearest friend,
To whome right well you knew our soule was knit,
Good *Pierce* of *Ganeston* my sweet fauoret,
A rebels, rēcreants, you made him away.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

Edm. So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoid our presence,
*A*ccursed wretches, w: st in regard of vs,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speake with vs,
*A*nd *Penbrooke* vnderooke for his returne,
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the prisoner,
Poore *Pierce*, and headed him against lawe of armes,
For which thy head shall ouer looke the rest.
As much as thou in rage out wentst the rest?

War. Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,
Tis but temporall that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie vnder such a king.

Edm. Away with them my lord of Winchester,
These lullie leaders *Warwicke* and *Lancaster*,
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.

War. Farewell vaine worlde.

Lan. Sweete *Mortimer* farewell.

Mor. in. England, vnkinde to thy nobilitie,
Grone for this greefe, behold how thou art maimed.

Edm. Go take that haughtie *Mortimer* to the tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedie execution on them all, be gon.

Mor. in. What *Mortimer*? can ragged stonie walle
Immur

The Tragedie

pure thy vertue that aspires to heauen,

Edward, Englands scourge, it may not be,

Mortimers hope surmounts his fortune farre.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, marche with me
my friends,

Edward this day hath crownd him king a new. *Exit.*

Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock,

Spen. *Lewne*, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king *Edwards* land,
Therefore be gon in halt, and with aduice,
Bestowe that treasure on the lords of Fraunce,
That therewith all enchaunted like the garde,
That suffered *Ioue* to passe in showers of golde
To *Danae*, all aide may be denied
To *Isabell* the Queene, that now in France
Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her yong sonne,
And step into his fathers regiment.

Lew. Thats it these Barons and the subtile Queene,
Long leuied at.

Bald. Yea, but *Lewne* thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangman frustrates cleane.

Lewn. Haue you no doubts my lords, ile claps close,
Among the lords of France with Englands golde,
That *Isabell* shall make her plaints in vaine,
And Fraunce shall be obdurat with her teares.

Spen. Then make for Fraunce, amaine *Lewne* away,
Proclaime king *Edwards* warres and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Faire blowes the winde for Fraunce, blowe
gentle gale,
Till *Edmund* be arriue for Englands good,

Nature

of Edward the second.

Nature, yeeld to my countries cause in this,
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, doost thou banish me thy presences?
But ile to Fraunce, and cheere the wronged *Queene*,
And certifie what *Edwards* loosenes is,
Vnnaturall king, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay
Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomie night to his
deuice.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mor.in. Holla, who walketh there, ist you my lord?

Edm. *Mortimer* tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so
happilie?

Mor.in. It hath my lord, the warders all a sleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace:
But hath your grace got shipping vnto Fraunce?

Edm. Feare it not. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene and her sonne.

Qu. A boye, our friends do faile vs all in Fraunce,
The lords are cruell, and the king vnkinde,
What shall we doe?

Prince. Madam, returne to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vnckles friendship here in Fraunce,
I warrant you, ile winne his highnes quicklie,
Aloues me better than a thousand *Spencers*.

Qu. A boye, thou art deceiue at least in this,
To thinke that we can yet be run'd together,
No, no, we are too farre, vnkinde *Valoys*,
Vnhappie *Isabell*, when Fraunce reiects,
Whether, O whether doost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir Iohn of Henolt.

S. Iob. Madam, what cheere?

Qu.

The I ragedie

Qu. A good fir *Iohn* of *Henolt*,
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distrest.

S. Ioh. I heare sweete lady of the kings vnkindenes,
But droope not madam, noble mindes contemne
Despaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt*?
And there stay times aduantage with your sonne,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equallie.

Prin. So pleaseth the Queene my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gracious mothers side,
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe,
And then haue at the proudest *Spencers* head.

Sir Iohn. Well said my lord.

Qu. Oh my sweet hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?
Yet triumphe in the hope of thee my ioye,
Ah sweete sir *Iohn*, euen to the vtmost verge
Of *Europe*, or the shore of *Tanais*,
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, so we will,
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,
But who are these?

Enter Edmund and Mortimer.

Edm. Madam, long may you liue,
Much happier then your friends in England do.

Qu. Lord *Edmund* and lord *Mortimer* aliue,
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was heere my lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.

Mor. in. Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,
But *Mortimer* reserude for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the tower,
And liues t'aduance your standard good my lord.

Prin. How meane you, and the king my father liues?

No

of Edward the second.

No my lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.

Qu. Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

Mor.in. Mounſier le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Tould vs at our arriual all the newes,
How hard the nobles, how vnkinde the king
Hath shewed himself: but madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,
To see vs there appointed for our foes.

Edm. Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimd,
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.

Mort. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deseru'd.
The king will nere forsake his flatterers.

S.Ioh. My Lords of England, sith the vngentle king
Of Fraunce refuseth to giue aide of armes,
To this distressed Queene his sister heere,
Go you with her to *Henolt*, doubt yee not,
We will finde comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base,
How say yong Prince, what thinke you of the match?

Prin. I thinke king *Edward* will out-run vs all.

Qu. Nay soune, not so, and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

Edm. Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,
These comforts that you giue our wofull queene,
Binde vs in kindenes all at your commaund.

Qu. Ye gentle brother, and the God of heauen,
Prosper your happie motion good sir *Iohn*.

Mor.in. This noble gentleman forward in armes,

The Tragedie

Was borne I see to be our anchor hold,
Sir *Iohn of Henolt*, be it thy renowne,
That Englands Queene, and nobles in distresse,
Haue beene by thee restored and comforted.

S. Iohn. Madam along, and you my lord with me,
That Englands peeres may *Henolts* welcome see.

Enter the king, Matr. the two Spencers, with others.

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,
Triumpheth Englands *Edward* with his friends,
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontrould,
My lord of Gloster, do you heare the newes?

Spen. in. What newes my lord?

Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realme, my lord of *Arundell*
You haue the note, haue you not?

Matr. From the lieutenant of the tower my lord.

Edw. I pray let vs see it, what haue we there?

Read it *Spencer.*

Spencer reads their names.

Why so, they barkt a pace a month agoe,
Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.
Now sirs, the newes from Fraunce, Gloster I trowe,
The lords of Fraunce loue Englands gold so well,
As *Isabell* gets no aide from thence.

What now remaines, haue you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

Spen. in. My lord, we haue, and if he be in England,
A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

Edw. If, doost thou say? *Spencer*, as true as death,
He is in Englands ground, our port-maisters
Are not so careles of their kings commaund.

Enter a Poaste.

(these?)

How now, what newes with thee, from whence come
Poff. Letters my lord, and tidings soorth of Fraunce,
To

of Edward the second.

To you my lord of Gloster from Lewne.

Edward. Reade.

Spencer reades the letter.

My dutie to your honor promised, &c. I haue according to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the king of Fraunce his lords, and effected, that the Queene all discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you aske, with sir *Iohn of Henolt*, brother to the Marquesse, into Flaunders: with them are gone lord *Edmund*, and the lord *Mortimer*, hauing in their company diuers of your nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to giue king *Edward* battell in England, sooner then he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

Your honors in all seruice, Lewne.

*Edw. A villaines, hath that Mortimer escapt?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will sir Iohn of Henolt lead the round?
Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,
England shall welcome you, and all your route,
Gallop a pace bright Phoebus through the skie,
And duskie night, in rustie iron carre,
Betweene you both, shorten the time I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah nothing grieues me but my little boye,
Is thus misled to countenance their ils,
Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,
And windes as equall be to bring them in,
As you iniurious were to beare them foorth.*

Enter the Queene, her sonne, Edmund, Mortimer, and sir Iohn.

Q. Now lords, our louing friends and countrimen,

The Tragedie

Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,
Our kindest friends in Belgia haue we left,
To cope with friends at home : a heauie case,
When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue,
In ciuill broiles makes kin and country men,
Slaughter themselves in others and their sides
With their owne weapons gorde, but whats the helpe?
Misgouerned kings are caule of all this wrack,
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,
Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy land to spoyle,
And made the channels ouerflow with blood,
Of thine own people patró shouldst thou be, but thou.

Mor. jr. Nay madam, if you be a warriar,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen,
Arriude and armde in this princes right,
Heere for our countries cause sweare we to him
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,
And for the open wronges and iniuries
Edward hath done to vs, his Queene and land,
We come in armes to wrecke it with the swords:
That Englands queene in peace may reposese
Her dignities and honors, and withall
We may remooue these flatterers from the king,
That hauocks Englands wealth and treasurie.

S. Io. Sound trūpets my lord & forward let vs march,
Edward will thinke we come to flatter him.

Edm. I would he neuer had bin flattered more.

*Enter the King, Baldeck, and Spencer the
sonne, flying about the stage.*

Spe. Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouer strong,
Her friends doe multiply and yours doe sayle,
Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath.

Edward.

of Edward the second.

Edw. What, was I borne to flye and runne away,
And leaue the *Mortimers* conquerers behind?
Giue me my horse and lets r'enforce our troupes:
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

Bal. O no my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time, away, we are pursu'd.

*Edmund alone with a sword
and target.*

Edm. This way he fled, but I am come too late,
Edward, alas my hart relents for thee,
Proud traytor *Mortimer* why doost thou chase
Thy lawfull king thy soueraigne with thy sword?
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde,
Borne armes against thy brother and thy king?
Raigne showers of vengeance on my cursed head
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs,
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:

Edward, this *Mortimer* aimes at thy life:

O fly him then, but Edmund calme this rage,
Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*

And *Isabell* doe kisse while they conspire,
And yet she beares a face of loue forlooth:

Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate.

Edmund away, Bristow to Longshankes blood
Is false, be not found single for suspect:

Proud *Mortimer* pries neare into thy walkes.

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the
young Prince and Sir Iohn
of Henolt.*

Qu. Successfull battells giues the God of kings,
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:
Since then successfully we haue preuayled,
Thankes be heaucens great architect and you,

Ere

The Tragedie

Ere farther we proceede my noble lordes,
We heere create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,
Lord warden of the realme, and sith the fates
Haue made his father so infortunate,
Deale you my lords in this, my louing lords,
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.

Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?

Prince. Tell me good vnckle, what *Edward* doe you
meane?

Edm. Nephew, your father, I dare not call him king.

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needes these questions?
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realme and parlement shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of,
I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*,
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.

Qu. My lord, the Maior of Bristow knows our mind.

Mor. Yea madam, and they scape not easilie,
That fled the feeld.

Qu. *Baldock* is with the king,
A goodly chauncelor, is he not my lord?

S. Ioh. So are the *Spencers*, the father and the sonne.

Edm. This *Edward* is the ruine of the realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow,
with Spencer the father.*

Rice. God saue Queene *Isabell*, & her princely sonne,
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Bristow,
In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,

That

of Edward the second.

That like the lawles *Catiline* of Rome,
Reueld in Englands wealth and treasure.

Qu. We thanke you all.

Mor.in. Your louing care in this,
Deserueth princelie fauors and rewardes,
But wheres the king and the other *Spencer* fled?

Rice. *Spencer* the sonne, created earle of Gloster,
Is with that smoothe toongd scholler *Baldock* gone,
And shipt but late for Ireland with the king.

Mort.in. Some whirle winde fetche them backe,
or sincke them all:

They shalbe started thence I doubt it not.

Prin. Shall I not see the king my father yet?

Edmund. Vnhappies *Edward*, chaste from Englands
bounds.

S.Ioh. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

Qu. Irue my lords ill fortune, but alas,
Care of my countrie cald me to this warre.

Mort. Madam, haue done with care & sad complaint,
Your king hath wrongd your countrie and himselfe,
And we must seeke to right it as we may,
Meane while, haue hence this rebell to the blocke,
Your lordship cannot priuiledge your head.

Spen.pa. Rebell is he that fights against his prince,
So fought not they that fought in *Edwards* right.

Mort. Take him away, he pates, you *Rice* ap howell,
Shall do good seruice to her Maiestie,
Being of countenance in your countrey here,
To follow these rebellious runnagates,
We in meane while madam, must take aduise,
How *Baldocke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

The Tragedie

*Enter the Abbot, Monkes, Edward, Spencer,
and Baldocke.*

Abbot. Haue you no doubt my Lorde, haue you no
feare,

As silent and as carefull will we be,
To keepe your royall person safe with vs,
Free from suspect, and fell inuasion
Of such as haue your maiestie in chase,
Your selfe, and those your chosen companie,
As daunger of this stormie time requires.

Edwa. Father, thy face should harbor no deceit,
O hadst thou euer beene a king, thy hart
Pierced deeply with sence of my distresse,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine,
Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,
But what is he, whome rule and emperie
Haue not in life or death made miserable?
Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe by me,
Make triall now of that philosophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou suckedst from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chaste, and you my friends,
Your liues and my dishonor they pursue
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, golde nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but wee
doe wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomie fellow in a meade belowe,
A gaue a long looke after vs my lord,

And

Of Edward the second.

And all the land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

Bald. We were imbarkt for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward windes, and sore tempests driuen
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare
Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.

Edw. *Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,
Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*
That bloudy man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,
O might I neuer open these eyes againe,
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,
O neuer more lift vp this dying hart!

Spencer. Looke vp my lord. *Baldock*, this drowlines
Betides no good, here euen we are betraied.

Enter with Welch bookes, Rice vp Howell, a Mower,
and the Earle of Leicester.

Mower. Vpon my life, thoe be the men ye see.

Rice. Fellow enough, my lord I pray be short,
A faire commission warrants what we do.

Lei. The Queenes commission, vrgd by *Mortimer*,
What cannot gallant *Mortimer* with the Queene?

Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnseene,
T'escape their hands that seeke to reauce his life:
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem.

But *Leister* leaue to growe so passionate,
Spencer and *Baldocke*, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here,
Stand not on titles, but obay th'arrest,
Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queene:
My lord, why droope yo thus?

!

Edw.

The Tragedie

Edw. O day! the last of all my blisse on earth;
Center of all misfortune. O my starres!
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester then in *Isabellas* name,
To take my life, my companie from me?
Here man, rip vp this panting brest of mine,
And take my heart, in reskew of my friends.

Rice. Away with them.

Spencer. It may become thee yet,
To let vs take our farewell of his grace:

Abb. My heart with pittie eernes to see this sight,
Aking to beare these words and proud commaunds.

Edw. *Spencer*, a sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part.

Spencer. We must my lord, so will the angry heauens.

Edw. Nay so will hell, and cruell *Mortimer*,
The gentle heauens haue not to do in this.

Bald. My lord, it is in vaine to greue or storme,
Were humble of your grace we take our leaues,
O lots are cast, I feare me so is thine.

Edw. In heauen wee may, in earth neuer shall wee
meete,

And Leicester say, what shall become of vs?

Leist. Your maiestie must go to Killingworth.

Edw. Must! tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.

Leist. Here is a Litter readie for your grace,
That waites your pleasure, and the day growes old.

Rice. As good be gon, as stay and be benighted.

Edw. A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell conuay me hence,
Let *Plutos* bells ring out my fatall knell,
And hags howle for my death at *Charons* shore,
For friends hath *Edward* none, but these, and these,
And these must die vnder a tyrants sword.

Rice.

of Edward the second.

Rice. My lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

Edw. Well, that shalbe, shalbe: part we must,
Sweete *Spencer*, gentle *Baldocke*, part we must,
Hence fained weeds, vnfained are my woes,
Father, farewell: *Leister*, thou staist for me,
And go I must, life farewell with my friends.

Exeunt Edward and Leicester.

Spen.in. O is he gone! is noble *Edward* gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,
Rent sphere of heauen, and fier forsake thy orbe,
Earth melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

Bald. Spencer, I see our soules are flected hence,
We are depriude the sun-shine of our life,
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,
And hart and hand to heauens immortall throne,
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons vnto this,
To die sweet *Spencer*, therefore liue wee all,
Spencer, all liue to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keepe these preachments till
you come to the place appointed
Ycu, and such as you are, haue made wise worke in
England.

Will your Lordships away?

Mower. Your worship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else,
Follow me to the towne.

*Enter the king, Leicester, with a Bishop
for the crowne.*

Lei. Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,

The Tragedie

Imagine Killingworth castell were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or neceissitie.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long agoe had easde my sorrowes,
For kinde and louing hast thou alwaies beene:
The greefes of priuate men are soone allayde,
But not of kings, the Forrest Deare being stricke
Runnes to an herbe that closeth vp the wounds,
But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,
He rends and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his bloud, mounts vp into the ayre;
And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,
And that vnnaturall Queene false *Isabell*,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison,
For such outragious passions cloye my soule,
As with the wings of rancor and disdaine,
Full often am I sowing vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the gods against them both:
But when I call to minde I am a king,
Me thinkes I should reuenge me of the wronges,
That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day?
My nobles rule, I beare the name of king,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstant Queene,
Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilst I am lodgd within this caue of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To companie my hart with sad laments,

That

of Edward the second.

That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,
To make vsurping *Mortimer* a king?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.

Edw. No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,
For hees a lambe, encompassed by Woolues,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:

But if proud *Mortimer* do weare this crowne,
Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchelesse fier,
Or like the snakie wreath of *Tisiphon*,
Engirt the temples of his hatefull head,
So shall not Englands Vines be perished,
But *Edwards* name suruiues, though *Edward* dies.

Lei. My lord, why waste you thus the time away,
They stay your answer, will you yeeld your crowne?

Edw. Ah *Leister*, way, how hardly I can brooke
To loose my crowne and kingdome, without cause,
To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,
That like a mountaine ouerwhelmes my blisse,
In which extreame my minde here murdered is:
But what the heauens appoint, I must obaye,
Here, take my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,
Two kings in England cannot raigne at once:
But stay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,
So shall my eyes receiue their last content,
My head, the latest honor dew to it,
And ioynrly both yeeld v^p their wished right.

Continue euer thou celestiall sunne,
Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,
Stand still you watches of the element,
All times and seasons rest you at a stay,

The Tragedie

That *Edward* may be still faire Englands king;
But dayes bright beames dooth vanish fast away,
And needes I must resigne my wished crowne,
Inhumaine creatures, nurst with Tigers milke,
Why gape you for your soueraignes ouerthrow?
My diadem I meane, and guiltlesse life,
See monsters see, ile weare my crowne againe,
What, feare you not the furie of your king?
But haplesse *Edward*, thou art fondly led,
They passe not for thy frownes as late they did,
But seekes to make a new elected king,
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endles torments.
And in this torment, comfort finde I none,
But that I feele the crowne vpon my head,
And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

Tru. My Lorde, the parlement must haue present
newes,

And therefore say, will you resigne or no.

The king rageth.

Edw. Ile not resigne, but whilst I liue,
Traitors be gon, and ioine you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will,
Their blood and yours shall seale these treacheries.

Bish. This answer weele returne, and so farewell.

Leis. Call them againe my lorde, and speake them
faire,

For if they goe, the prince shall lose his right.

Edward. Call thou them back, I haue no power to
speake.

Lei. My lord, the king is willing to resigne.

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might, but heauens & earth conspire

To

OF Edward the second.

To make me miserable : heere receiue my crowne,
Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,
He of you all that most desires my bloud,
And will be called the murtherer of a king,
Take it : what are you mooude, pitie you me?
Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, whose eyes beene turnd to Steele,
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,
Heere, heere : now sweete God of heauen,
Make me despise this transitorie pompe,
And sit for aye inthronized in heauen,
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My lorde.

Edw. Call me not lorde,

Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,
Greefe makes me lunatick,
Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,
More safetie is there in a Tigers iawes,
This his imbracements, beare this to the queene,
Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,
If with the sight thereof she be not mooued,
Returne it backe and dip it in my bloud,
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule
Better then I, yet how haue I transgressed,
Vnlesse it be with too much clemencie?

Tru. And thus, most humbly do we take our leaue.

Edward. Farewell, I know the next newes that they
bring,

Will

The Tragedie

Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men death is felicitie.

Leist. An other poast, what newes brings he?

Edw. Such newes as I expect, come *Bartley*, come,
And tell thy message to my naked brest.

Bart. My lord, thinke not a thought so villanous
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.

To do your highnes seruice and deuoir,
And saue you from your foes, *Bartley* would die.

Leist. My lorde, the counsell of the *Queene* com-
maunds,

That I resigne my charge.

Edw. And who must keepe mee now, must you my
lorde?

Bart. I, my most gracious lord, so tis decreed.

Edw. By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,

Well may I rent his name, that rends my hart,
This poore reuenge hath something easd my minde,
So may his limmes be torne, as is this paper,
Heare me immortall *Ioue*, and graunt it too.

Bart. Your grace must hence with mee to *Bartley*
straight,

Edw. Whether you will, all places are alike,
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

Leist. Fauor him my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And thats the cause that I am now remooude.

Bartley. And thinkes your grace that *Bartley* will bee
cruell?

Edw. I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once,
Leicester, farewell.

Leist.

Of Edward the second.

Leicester. Not yet my lord, he beare you on your waye.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer, and Queene Isabell.

Mor. in. Faire *Isabell*, now haue we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brainde king,
Haue done their homage to the lostie gallowes,
And he himielfe lies in captiuitie,
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the realme,
In any case, take heed of childish feare,
For now we hould an old Wolfe by the eares,
That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,
And gripe the sorer being gript himielfe,
Thinke therefore madam that imports as much,
To erect your sonne withall the speed we may,
And that I be protector ouer him,
For our behoufe will beare the greater sway
When as a kings name shall be vnder writ.

Qu. Sweet *Mortimer*, the life of *Isabell*,
Bethou perswaded, that I loue thee well,
And therefore so the prince my sonne be safe,
Whome I esteeme as deare as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I my selfe will willinglie subscribe.

Mor. in. First would I heare newes that hee were
deposde,
And then let me alone to handle him.

K

Enter

The Tragedie

Enter Messenger.

Mor.in. Letters, from whence?

Messen. From Killingworth my lorde.

Qu. How fares my lord the king?

Messen. In health madam, but full of pensiueneas.

Queene. Alas poore soule, would I could ease his
greefe,

Thanks gentle Winchester, sirra, be gon.

Winchester. The king hath willingly resignde his
crowne.

Qu. O happie newes, send for the prince my sonne.

Bish. Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord *Bartley*
came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we haue heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,
To set his brother free, no more but so,
The lord of *Bartley* is so pitifull,
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Qu. Then let some other be his guardian.

Mor.in. Let me alone, here is the priuie seale,
Whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Mastrenis*,
To dash the heauie headed *Edmunds* drift,
Bartley shall be dischargd, the king remooude,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Qu. But *Mortimer*, as long as he suruiues
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?

Mort.in. Speake, shall he presently be dispatch'd
and die?

Queene. I would hee were, so it were not by my
means.

Enter

of Edward the second.

Enter Matrenie and Gurney.

Mortim. in. Inough *Matrenie*, write a letter presently

Vnto the Lord of *Bartley* from our selfe,
That he resigne the king to thee and *Gurney*,
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mair. It shall be done my lord.

Mort. in. *Gurney.*

Gurn. My Lorde.

Mort. in. As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,
Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,
And neither giue him kinde word, nor good looke.

Gurn. I warrant you my lord.

Mort. in. And this aboute the rest, because we heare
That *Edmund* casts to worke his libertie,
Remeoue him still from place to place by night,
And at the last, he come to *Killingworth*,
And then from thence to *Bartley* back againe:
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speake curstlie to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chaunce to weepe,
But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.

Matre. Feare not my Lord, weele do as you command.

Mort. in. So now away, post thither wards amaine.

Qu. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humblie to his Maiestie,
And tell him, that I labour all in vaine,
To ease his greefe, and worke his libertie:

The Tragedie

And beare him this, as witnesse of my loue;

Matre. I will madam.

Exeunt Matrenis and Gurney.

Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

*Enter the yong Prince, and the Earle of Kent
talking with him.*

Mor.in. Finely dissembled, do so still sweet Queene,
Heere comes the yong prince, with the Earle of Kent.

Qu. Some thing he whispers in his childish eares.

Mort.in. If he haue such accesse vnto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soone be dashed.

Queen. Vse Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Mor.in. How fares my honorable lord of Kent?

Edmun. In health sweete *Mortimer*, how fares your
grace.

Queene. Well, if my Lorde your brother were en-
larged.

Edm. I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.

Queen. The more my greefe.

Mortim.in. And mine.

Edmun. Ah they do dissemble.

Queen. Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with
thee.

Mortim.in. Thou being his vnckle, and the next of
bloud,

Doe looke to be protector ouer the prince.

Edm. Not I my lord: who should protect the sonne,
But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queene?

Prin.

of Edward the second.

Prin. Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne;
Let him be king, I am too yong to raigne.

Queene. But bee content, seeing it his highnesse
pleasure.

Prin. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Edmund. I do swerte Nephew.

Quee. Brother, you know it is impossible.

Prince. Why, is he dead?

Queen. No, God forbid.

Edmun. I would these wordes proceeded from your
heart.

Mort. in. Inconstant *Edmund*, doost thou fauor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Edm. The more cause haue I now to make amends.

Mort. in. I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,

My lord, he hath betraied the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prince. But hee repents, and sorrowes for it now.

Queen. Come sonne, and go with this gentle Lorde
and me.

Prin. With you I will, but not with *Mortimer*.

Mort. in. Why yongling, s'dainst thou so of *Mortimer*?
Then I will carrie thee by force away.

Prin. Helpe vnckle Kent, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

Quee. Brother *Edmund*, strue not, we are his friends,
Isabell is neerer then the earle of Kent.

Edm. Sister, *Edward* is my charge, redeeme him.

Queen. *Edward* is my sonne, and I will keepe him.

Edmu. *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wrongde
mee.

Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,

Anc

The Tragedie

And rescue aged *Edward* from his foes,
To be reuengde on *Mortimer* and thee.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Matrenis and Gurney with
the king.*

Matr. My lord, be not pensiue, we are your friends,
Men are ordaind to liue in miserie,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

Edw. Friends, whither must vnhappy *Edward* go,
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no rest?

Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?

When will the furie of his minde assuage?

When will his hart be satisfied with bloud?

If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,

And giue my heart to *Isabell* and him,

It is the chiefeft marke they leuell at.

Gurney. Not so my liege, the Queene hath giuen
this charge,

To keepe your grace in safetie,

Your passions make your dolours to increase.

Edw. This vsage makes my miserie increase.

But can my ayre of life continue long,

When all my sences are anoyde with stenche?

Within a dungeon Englands king is kept,

Where I am steru'd for want of sustenance,

My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,

That almost rents the closet of my heart,

Thus liues old *Edward* not relieu'd by any,

And

Of Edward the second.

And somust die, though pitied by many.
O water gentle friends to coole my thirst,
And cleare my bodie from foule excrements.

Matr. Heeres channell water, as our charge is giuen,
Sit downe, for wee be Barbar to your grace.

Edw. Traitors away, what will you murther me,
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water?

Gurn. No, but wash your face, and shaue away your
beard,

Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

Matr. Why striue you thus, your labour is in vaine?

Edward. The Wrenne may striue against the Lions
strength.

But all in vaine, so vainely do I striue,
To seeke for mercie at a tyrants hand.

*They wash him with puddle water, and
shaue his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,
Odeuell all your lookes vpon these daring men,
That wronges their liege and soueraigne, Englands
king,

O *Gaueston*, it is for thee that I am wrongd,
For me, both thou, and both the *Spencers* died,
And for your sakes, a thousand wronges ile take,
The *Spencers* ghostes, where euer they remaine,
With well to mine, then tush for them ile die.

Matr. Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmitie,
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
Weele enter in by darkenes to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gurn. How now, who comes there?

Matr.

The Tragicke

Matr. Guarde the king sure, it is the earle of Kent.

Edm. O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me.

Matr. Keepe them a sunder, thrust in the king.

Edm. Souldiers, let me but talke to him one worde.

Gur. Lay hands vpon the earle for this assault.

Edmn. Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeeld the king.

Matr. Edmund, yeeld thou thy self, or thou shalt die.

Edmu. Base villaines, wherefore doe you gripe mee thus?

Gurney. Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.

Edm. Where is the court but heere, heere is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

Matr. The court is where lord *Mortimer* remaines,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.

Exeunt Matr. and Gurney, with the king.

Remnent Edmund and the souldiers.

Edm. O miserable is that commonweale, where lords
Keepe courts, and kings are lockt in prison!

Sould. Wherefore stay we? on firs to the court.

Edm. I lead me whether you will, euen to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mort.in. The king must die, or *Mortimer* goes downe,
The commons now begin to pitie him,
Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunninglie,

This

of Edward the second.

This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.

Fear not to kill the king tis good he die.

But read it thus, and thats an other sence:

Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.

Kill not the king tis good to feare the worst.

Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,

That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,

Matrenis and the rest may beare the blame,

And we be quit that causde it to be done:

Within this roome is lockt the messenger,

That shall conueie it, and performe the rest,

And by a secret token that he beares,

Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.

Lightborn, come forth, art thou as resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else my lord? and farre more resolute.

Mort.in. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light. I, I, and none shall know which way he died.

Mortim.in. But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt
relent.

Light. Relent, ha, ha, I vse much to relent.

Mort.in. Well, do it brauely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to giue instructions,

Tis not the first time I haue killed a man,

I learnde in Naples how to poison flowers,

To strangle with a lawne thrust through the throte,

To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,

Or whilst one is a sleepe, to take a quill

And blowe a little powder in his eares,

Or open his mouth, and powre quick siluer downe,

But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

L

Mort.

The Tragedie

Mort.in. Whats that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall knowe my trickes.

Mort.in. I care not how it is, so it be not spide,
Deliuier this to *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,
At euery ten miles end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and neuer see me more.

Lightborne. No.

Mort.in. No, vnlesse thou bring me newes of *Edward*s death.

Light. That will I quicklie do, farewell my lord.

Mor. The prince I rule, the queene do I commaund,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I passe,
I seale, I cancell, I do what I will,
Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard,
And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale,
I view the prince with *Aristorchus* eyes,
Whose lookes were as a brecching to a boye,
They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the counsell table, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull paretaine,
First I complaine of imbecilitie,
Saying it is, *onus quam granissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they terme it,
And to conclude, I am Protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*
Shall rule the realme, the king, and none rule vs,
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,
And what I list commaund, who dare controwle,

Maier

of Edward the second.

Maiores sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere,
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and *Isabell the Queene,*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the yong King, Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queene.*

Bish. Long liue king *Edward*, by the grace of God
King of England, and lorde of Ireland.

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Jew,
Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true king,
And will auouche his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combate him.

Mort.in. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, heeres to thee.

Qu. Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of
Kent prisoner.*

Mor.in. What traitor haue wee there with blades
and billes?

Sould. *Edmund* the Earle of Kent.

King. What hath he done?

Sould. A would haue taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mortimer.in. Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund*
speake?

Edm. *Mortimer*, I did, he is our king,
And thou compellst this prince to weare the crowne.

The Tragedie

Mort. in. Strike off his head, he shall haue marshall lawe.

Edm. Strike of my head, base traitor / defie thee.

King. My lord, he is my vnckle, and shall liue.

Mort. in. My lord, he is your enemye, and shall die.

Edmund. Staie villaines.

King. Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreate my lord Protector for his life.

Qu. Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a worde.

King. Nor I, and yet me thinkes I should commaund,
But seeing I cannot, ile entreate for him :

My lord, if you will let my vnckle liue,

I will requite it when I come to age.

Mort. in. Tis for your highnesse good, and for the
realmes,

How often shall I bid you beare him hence?

Edm. Art thou king, must I die at thy commaund?

Mort. in. At our commaund, once more away with
him.

Edm. Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is king,

And none of both, then thirst for *Edmunds* bloud,

And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmund away, and carie him
to be beheaded.*

King. What safetie may I looke for at his hands,
If that my Vnckle shall be murdered thus?

Queen. Feare not sweete boye, ile garde thee from
thy foes,

Had *Edmund* liu'de, he would haue sought thy death,
Come sonne, wee le ride a hunting in the parke.

King. And shall my Vnckle *Edmund* ride with vs?

Queen.

of Edward the second.

Queene. He is a traitor, thinke not on him, come.

Exeunt oures.

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

Matr. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castell runne,
From whence a dampe continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought vp so tenderlie.

Gurn. And so do I, *Matrenis*: yesternight
I opened but the doore to throw him meate,
And I was almost stifeled with the sauer.

Matr. He hath a body able to endure,
More then we can enflist, and therefore now,
Let vs assaile his minde another while.

Gurn. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matr. But stay, whose this?

Enter Lightborne.

Light. My lord protector greetes you.

Gurn. Whats heere? I know not how to conster it.

Matr. Gurney, it was left vnpointed for the nonce,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
Thats his meaning.

Light. Know you this token, I must haue the king?

Matr. I stay a while, thou shalt haue answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.

Gurney. I thought as much.

Matr.

The Tragedie

Matr. And when the murders done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereat iste: let him haue the king,
What else, heere is the keyes, this is the lake,
Doe as you are commaunded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do, get you away,
Yet be not farre off, I shall need your helpe,
See that in the next roome I haue a fier,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hote.

Matre. Very well,

Gurn. Neede you any thing besides?

Light. What else, a table and a fetherbed.

Gurn. Thats all,

Light. I, I, so when I call you, bring it in.

Matre. Feare not you that.

Gurn. Heeres a light to go into the dungeon.

Lightbor. So now must I about this geare, nere was
there any

So finely handled as this king shalbe,

Foh, heeres a place in deed with all my hart.

Edward. VVhose there, what light is that, where-
fore comes thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

Edward. Small comfort findes poore *Edward* in thy
lookes,

Villaine, I know thou comst to murder me.

Light. To murder you my most gracious lorde,
Farre is it from my hart to do you harme,
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,
For she relents at this your miserie.
And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,
To see a king in this most pittious state?

Edw.

of Edward the second.

Edw. VVeepst thou already, list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,
Or as *Matrexis*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,
Yet will it melt, ere *I* haue done my tale,
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the sincke,
Wherein the filthe of all the castell falles.

Light. O villaines!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle haue *I* stood,
This ten dayes space, and least that *I* should sleepe,
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a king,
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,
My mindes distemperd, and my bodies numde,
And whether *I* haue limmes or no, *I* know not,
O would my bloud dropt out from euery vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell *Isabell* the Queene, *I* looke not thus,
VWhen for her sake *I* ran at tilt in Fraunce,
And there vnhorste the duke of *Cleremont*.

Light. O speake no more my lorde, this breakes my
heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest your selfe a while,

Edw. These lookes of thine can harbor nought but
death.

I see my tragedie written in thy browes,
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloudie hande,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That and euen then when *I* shall lose my life,
My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. VVhat meanes your highnesse to mistrust me
thus?

Edw. What meanes thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light.

The Tragedie

Light. These hands were neuer staine with'innocent bloud,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a kings.

Edward. Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,

One iewell haue I left, receiue thou this,
Still feare I, and I know not whats the cause,
But euerie iointe shakes as I giue it thee:

O if thou harborst murder in thy hart,
Let this gift change thy minde, and saue thy soule,
Know that I am a king, oh at that name,
I feele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne?
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine aliue?

Light. Your ouerwatchde my lord, lie downe and rest.

Edw. But that greefe keepes me wakiag, I shoulde sleepe,

For not these ten daies haue these eyes lids closd,
Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare
Open againe, O wherefore sits thou heare?

Light. If you mistrust me, ile be gon my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou meanst to murder me,
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleepe.

Edw. O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now my Lorde.

Edw. Something still busleth in mine cares,
And tels me, if I sleepe I neuer wake,
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus,
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life, *Matrenis* come,

Edw. I am too weake and feeble to resist,
Assist me sweete God, and receiue my soule,

Light.

of Edward the second.

Light. Runne for the table.

Eaw. O spare me, or dispatche me in a trice.

Light. So, lay the table downe, and stampe on it,
But not too hard, least that you bruse his body.

Matrenis. I feare mee that this crie will raise the
towne,

And therefore let vs take horse and away.

Light. Teil me sirs, was it not brauelie done?

Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy rewarde,

Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.

Come let vs cast the body in the mote,

And beare the kings to *Mortimer* our lord, away;

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer and Matrenis.

Mortim. in. Ist done, *Matrenis*, and the murtherer
dead?

Matr. I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.

Mort. in. *Matrenis*, if thou now growest penitent
Ile be thy ghostly father, therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of *Mortimer*.

Matr. *Gurney* my lord is fled, and will I feare,
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.

Mort. in. Flie to the Sauages.

Matr. I humblie thanke your honour.

Mort. in. As for my selfe, I stand as *Ioues* huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me,
All tremble at my name, and I feare none,
Lets see who dare impeache me for his death?

M

Queen

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Queen. A *Mortimer*, the king my sonne hath new,
His fathers dead, and we haue murdered him.

Mor.in. What if he haue? the king is yet a childe.

Queene. I, I, but he reares his haire, and wrings his
handes,

And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,
Into the councell chamber he is gone,
To craue the aide and succour of his peeres,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now *Mortimer* begins our tragedie.

Enter the king, with the lords.

Lords. Feare not my lord, know that you are a king.

King. Villaine.

Mor.in. How now my lord?

King. Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words,
My father's murdered through thy treacherie,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournfull hearse,
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes,
His kingly body was too soone interrde.

Qu. Weepe not sweete sonne.

King. Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,
You could not beare his death thus patiently,
But you I feare, conspird with *Mortimer*.

Lords. Why speake you not vnto my lord the king?

Mor.in. Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,
Who

Of Edward the second.

Who is the man dare say I murderedd him?

King. Traitor, in me my louing father speakes,
And plainely saith, twas thou that murdredst him.

Mort.in. But hath your grace no other proosse then
this?

King. Yes, if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

Mortim.in. False *Gurney* hath betraide me and him-
selfe.

Queen. I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

Mort.in. Tis my hand, what gather you by this.

King. That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

Mort.in. What murtherer? bring foorth the man I
sent.

King. A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slaine,
And so shalt thou be too: why staies he heere?

Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him foorth,

Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,

But bring his head back presently to me.

Queen. For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*.

Mort.in. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltie boye.

King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Mort.in. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspire,

They tumble hedlong downe, that point I touchte,

And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,

Why should I greeue at my declining fall,

Farewell faire *Queene*, weepe not for *Mortimer*,

That scornes the world, and as a traoueller,

Goes to discouer countries yet vnknowne.

King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Queen. As thou receiuedst thy life from me,

The Tragedie

spill not the bloud of gentle *Mortimer*.

King. This argues, that you spilt my fathers bloud,
Els would you not intreate for *Mortimer*.

Queen. I spill his bloud? no.

King. I madam you, for so the rumor runnes.

Queen. That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee,
Is this report raise on poore *Isabell*.

King. I doe not thinke her so vnnaturall.

Lords. My lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.

King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall may be made thereof,
If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,
Thinke not to finde me slack or pitifull.

Queen. Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
When as my sonne thinkes to abridge my daies.

King. Awaye with her, her wordes inforce these
teares,
And I shall pitie her if she speake againe.

Queen. Shall I not moorne for my beloued lord?
And with the rest accompanie him to his graue.

Lords. Thus madam, tis the kings will you shall
hence.

Queen. He hath forgotten me, slay, I am his mother.

Lords. That bootes not, therefore gentle madam
goe.

Queen. Then come sweete death, and rid me of this
greefe.

Lords. My lord, here is the head of *Mortimer*.

King. Goe fetch my fathers hearse, where it shall
lie,

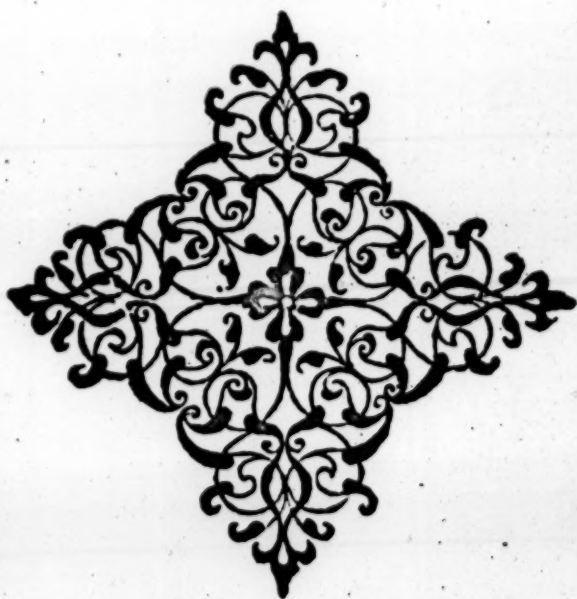
And bring my funerall robes: accursed head,

Could

of Edward the second.

Could I haue rulde thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treachery.
Heere comes the hearse, helpe me to moorne my lords
Sweete father heere, vnto thy murdered ghost,
I offer vp this wicked traitors head,
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,
Be witnesse of my greefe and innocencie.

FINIS.



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